



B & B PRODUCTIONS, INC., PRESENTS

\$1.00

The Lustful Turk

ADULTS ONLY

SPECIAL EDITION

10 PAGES
IN FULL COLOR



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS FROM A SHOCKING MOTION PICTURE!

In the preparation of any magazine many people become involved. They are the photographers, writers, layout personnel, darkroom workers, typesetters and printers to mention a few. These people, acquainted as they are with the needs of the final product, do their job in an efficient and workmanlike way.

However, when preparing a special magazine involving a single subject, such as "The Lustful Turk", it becomes necessary to depend on the help of others, outside the world of publishing. These people, unfamiliar with the editorial needs, are often called upon for extra time and effort, work not involved with their regular assignments.

It is to these people that we would like to extend our heartfelt thanks for making this book possible. Without them it would have been impossible to bring the scope of a motion picture such as "The Lustful Turk" to the printed page.

Our deepest appreciation goes to the following:

Director B. Ron Elliot, who bravely stood up under the pleadings of our photographers for "just one more picture".

Writer David Friedman, whose brain was picked and re-picked for the final details in his fine film adaptation.

The producers who manfully controlled their urges to kick our entire editorial crew off the sets.

The entire cast and crew for their heroism in facing nosy writers and photographers, an added hardship that was certainly not in their contracts.

We thank them all from the bottom of our hearts and hope to work with them all again in the near future.

The Editors.

In the language of Shakespeare, Dickens and Faulkner, but three books in four centuries have been so voraciously devoured, yet so roundly denounced by and vehemently denied to the English-speaking populations.

The charming and delightful Fanny Hill . . .

The barrier-breaking Lady Chatterly's Lover . . .

And . . . a book first published anonymously in London in 1828 that could NOT be printed or publicly sold in the United States until the present decade.

It is entitled "THE LUSTFUL TURK."

In their constant search for new material of interest to adult theatre audiences, B. & B. Productions in Hollywood set out to transform this notorious English erotic classic into a film that defies verbal description. The construction of exact replicas of the palace of Potentates . . . a talent search that yielded from a field of 69 anxious, eager, beautiful young starlets, the 6 considered exciting enough and willing to undertake the demanding and wanton roles . . . rehearsals . . . costume fittings . . . filming . . . editing . . . composing, arranging and playing a symphonic musical background . . . the performance of the myriad, magical arts and sciences that comprise the making of a motion picture by scores of skilled and dedicated technicians . . .

It was done.

There will be gasps of astonishment when one reaches inside the guarded, forbidden, opulent harems of the feared and arrogant Dey of Algiers; the cunning and cruel Bey of Tunis, where everything that transpires therein is revealed.

One must tremble with rage when beautiful Christian virgins, are taken prisoner by fierce Algerian pirates, and given, body and soul, to their evil, leering masters . . . pathetic victims of an unspeakable fate.

Horror must cross the mind when the barbaric Turks, unrestrained, uncivilized . . . disrobe their fragile yet nonetheless proud captives, and force them into unimaginable positions . . . completely heedless of the wall-busting shrieks of the hapless young women.

Winces of pain can be felt when savage, heathen tortures are inflicted on the unsullied white bodies of the innocents who vainly seek to preserve their virtues.

Beauty is revealed when the favorites of the harem are seen through the very eyes of the Dey, himself.

And there is terror when coming face to face with the murderous pagans.

But there is rejoicing in retribution when the despoiled victim achieves her well-deserved revenge.

And then one must wipe away a tear when there is the forgiveness that truly illustrates man's innate nobility and love of his fellow human.

The Lustful Turk is truly a motion-picture in the magnitude and tradition of Lawrence of Arabia . . . but with girls.



SYLVIA CAREY, a prudish, prim, mid-Victorian girl entered her lavish London home. Her steps increased as she approached the spacious drawing room. Surely there would be a letter from her beloved friend . . . her brother Henry's fiancée, EMILY BARLOW, who had traveled to far off India in order to reap the rewards of a vast fortune from her Uncle's estate.

EMILY BARLOW had been gone so long — so very long, journeying into the mysteries of far off India.

SYLVIA's heart beat faster as she took up the letter and realized it was the long awaited one. Her dear sister-in-law to be had at last written.

At first . . . A pathetic letter in which she wrote of her feelings of utter loss at leaving family, friends, and above all, her fiancée, HENRY. But there was adventure ahead and she could only pray for a speedy return. Her Uncle's will had been explicit . . . if she were to reap the vast fortune coming to her — then that's the way it had to be.





MUZRA, Bey of Tunis, seated high on his throne, was not a vicious man, but he would do much to get his own way. He scowled at the guards around him — frowned at the exotic, nude slave girl who cowered at his feet.

MUZRA, dressed in the regalia befitting his station as a Moslem Potentate, forced himself to pat the slave girl much as he might a dog or cat.

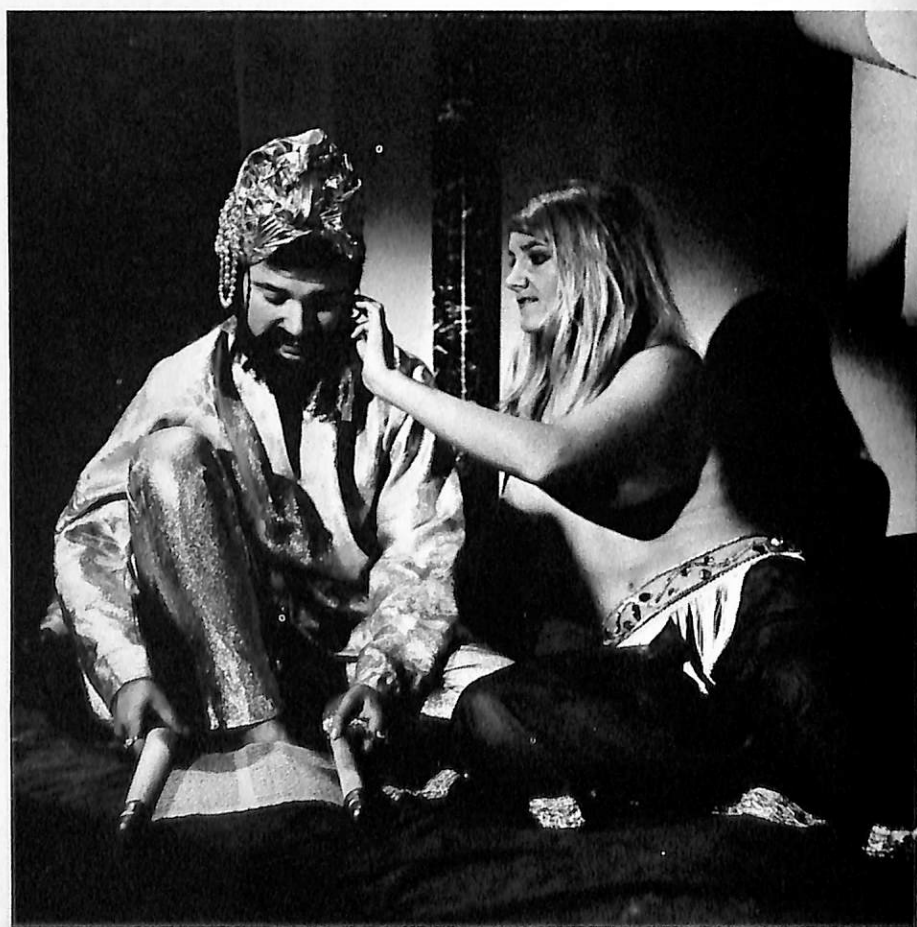
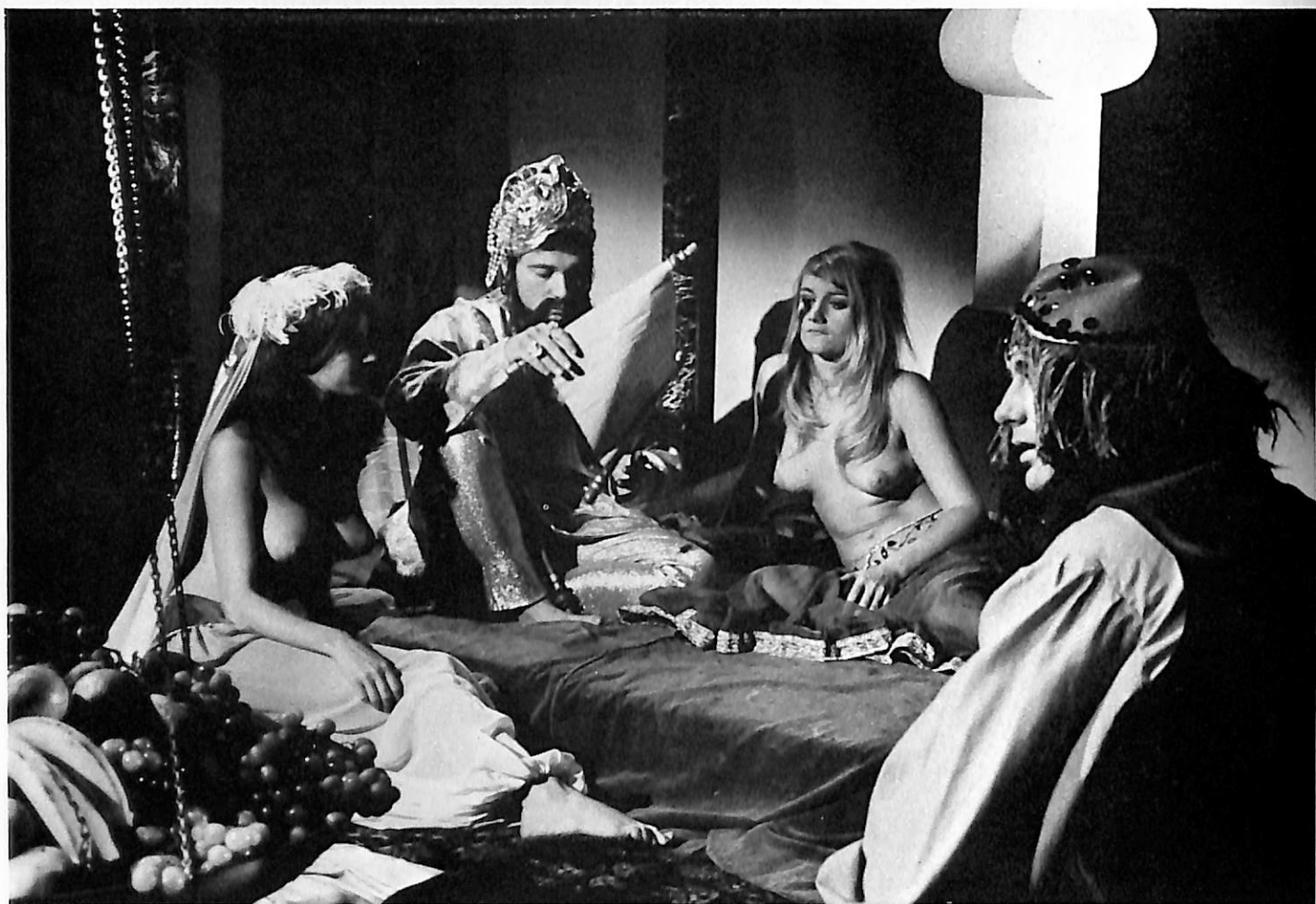
MUZRA's boredom had become profound. His normally keen interests had become listless . . . His usual hot body juices were tepid and the torpor extended into his bedroom romps.

Time after time during those past weeks he'd taken a well used concubine to his bed chambers then proceeded to fall asleep — He knew them all too well. He needed something new for his pleasures and he needed that something quick.

Thus when a messenger brought a message from ALI, Dey of Algiers and a life long friend, his eyes brightened in expectation. ALI and MUZRA had been trading goodies for years. MUZRA had recently sent ALI a lovely GRECIAN MAID. But on the night of their first affair the ASKULITES had attacked.

The intrusion enraged ALI. He wrote, "...How dare these unwashed, uncouth, nomad knaves disturb the 1001 nights of the Dey"...but more of that another time.







*"they having
disturbed me in a
scene of
pleasure..."*

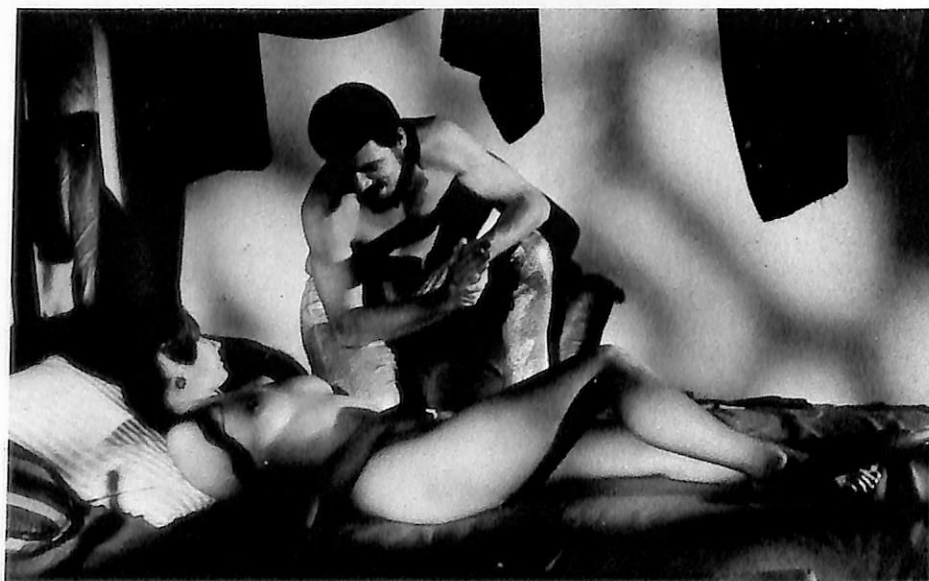




"The Grecian slave, I found a pure maid; her virginity I sacrificed to the feast of our Holy Prophet . . . To cull her sweet flower, I was obliged to use an opiate in her coffee."

At first, in the bedroom, she stood in meek submission. He contented himself with simply the visual enjoyment of her nude, luscious body. Walking around her he savored the beauty he was about to possess.

As the opiate took effect, he carried her to the couch where his explorations might be furthered. *"Thus it was with ZELIA, so I have named your PRESENT,"* wrote Ali.





Muzra, surrounded by part of his harem, avidly reads the message from his friend, Ali.

Ali lustfully surveys the charms of Zelia, his most welcome gift from Muzra.

Ali, the Dey of Algiers, relaxes as he enjoys one of the dancing girls from his harem.





MUZRA couldn't help but go back over the scroll writing once more to search out something he might have missed in the heat of his first passionate reading.

There was ZELIA's beauteous countenance which clearly indicated it was nature, not LOVE, which transported her into the throes of ecstasy with the man who possessed her.

"This knowledge considerably diminishes the enjoyment her beauties afforded me, yet still she has become extremely necessary to my pleasures..."

As Ali rolled off Zelia, exhausted from the night's routine he could hardly bring himself to his feet and belt a silken robe around his middle. Even a warrior who is tireless in battle finds himself a puppy after a session in bed.

But he made his way to a stand which held several vases. Three contained budding roses — The others only plucked stems. Ali plucked one of the remaining flowers.

"Although the novelty of her charms has gone by," Ali wrote. "The certainty of having cropped her virgin rose has created a lasting interest in my bosom." Muzra could almost hear Ali's sigh. *"OH, that damned Zelia... As much as she intrigues me, she only serves as the wetstone to the knife, and sends me to the embraces of my new conquest — an ENGLISH slave."*





Sylvia's second letter from Emily was postmarked in Algiers. "Pity me Sylvia, pity my wretchedness," she wrote. "You have no doubt heard of the crue-el treatment experienced by females who are unfortunate to fall into the power of these barbarious Turks."

And Sylvia's mind raced to visions of Emily tied to some dungeon wall while the vicious, blood thirsty Turks beat her with whips and belts. The tortures her mind conceived left her gasping for breath and straining to clear her eyes so that she might search out the next lines.

"Pity me my dear friend, my tears blot out the words nearly as quick as I write them. Oh, God, Sylvia . . . I have no longer claim to chastity."





Sylvia forced herself to read on even though the horror of the words began to show upon her.

"Surely never, never, never was a poor maid so unfeelingly deprived of her virtue."

Sylvia gasped. She gripped the paper tightly.

"The very day the accursed pirate brought me to this place, did the Dey, with cruel force, spit on my entreaties, screams and supplications deprive me of my virginity." Sylvia held her breath as she continued. *"In vain I made the Harem resound with my cries . . . Oh, Sylvia, your poor friend is now the polluted concubine of this circumcised Turk."*



"Upon losing sight of land I became violently seasick . . . so much so that I could not even crawl upon deck."

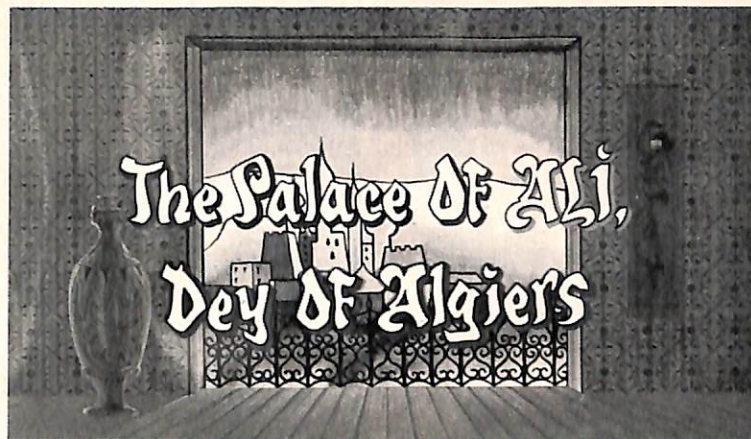


"One day I heard a most unusual noise on deck . . . and when, on sending Eliza to learn the cause of it, a mate told her the ship was under attack by Moorish pirates." Emily's writing had become a troubled scrawl.



"You may easily guess our terror at this information. It was all true. Then soon the guns were silenced."

"In an instant, the door was burst open and in rushed a crowd of armed Turks covered with blood."





Ali was quite pleased with the gift from his pirate Captain Abdallah. The two English girls captured his fancy immediately.

"Thy gift pleases thy Dey," he smiled. "I shall keep Miss Barlow. To my brother, Muzra, Bey of Tunis, I shall give Eliza Gibbs."

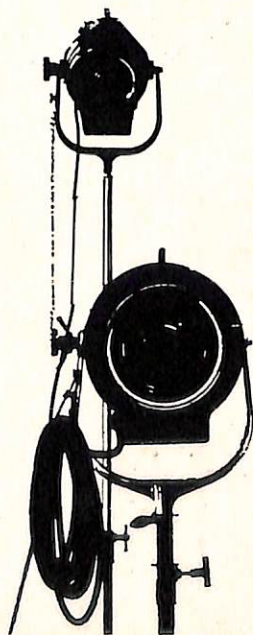
Whereby Eliza was dragged screaming and kicking away.





Soon after Eliza had been dragged screaming from the throne room, Emily was seized by guards and taken to the harem. For some moments, alone in the room, she is completely beside herself with fright. Then her eyes fell upon a large mirror. She became distressed at her bedraggled appearance and in typical female style, began primping. She spied a bathing pool, which she walked to and knelt down to take some of the water into her hands.

Ali's voice suddenly startled her. "*Lovely Christian.*" He walked to her. "*It is not the pleasure of the Holy Prophet that I should at present be indulged in the enjoyment of your beauties. But when I return from the journey I am about to make I shall no doubt be able to do justice to your charms.*" He grabbed her tightly and kissed her hard. "*If the Commander of the Faithful were to order it, I would not part with you. The delicious odor of your virgin flower is reserved for my enjoyment...*" His leer was pointed, as he left the room.





ZELIA, the Greek Slave and HONORIA, the Italian slave came into the chamber to aid Emily in undressing and bathing. Then as the warm bath soothes her freyed nerves they are suddenly brought to instant life again by the roar of cannons.

"Do not be afraid," smiled Honoria. "It is the castle batteries saluting the Dey. Whenever he leaves or enters the city, the guns are fired. He is not expected to return for a fortnight."

Heartened by that good news, Emily permits herself to be dried and perfumed, then she lays back on the soft bed and begins to doze.





Emily and Eliza are dragged, in chains, to confront a leering Ali, flanked by his guards.

Although frightened, Emily soon relaxes in the soothing harem bath. Zelia and Honoria assist her.





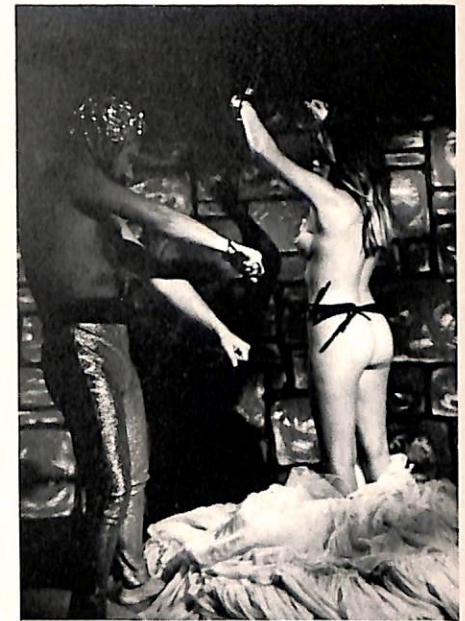
There came a time when once more Ali received a message from Muzra — the first since Ali had sent him the present of Eliza. "A pretty trick you have played on me," the letter started. "By Mohomet's beard, it is abominable . . . to look at her, who would have credited it? Such a meek-eyed, timid-looking thing."



Ali conjured up pictures of the event as he read. From the outset of Eliza's meeting with Muzra she tore at Muzra like a tiger, clawing his face and hands. Muzra was forced to have his Eunuchs drag her to the dungeons where she was tied with her hands above her head. Then stripped naked Muzra drew up a couch and began inspecting his gift at close range.

"Holy Mohomet! What a glorious sight she exhibited — beautiful breasts, finely placed, sufficiently firm to support themselves . . . but what struck my fancy was the beautiful whiteness, roundness and swell of firm flesh of her lovely little posterior."





Ali drooled as he read and visualized. Muzra took two stout rods and at first he laid them on the girl gently — it was no more than a tickle. But shortly he began to lay on a smart lash which made her wince and cry out. Then he swung the lash with all his might and with every lash there followed a cry from the helpless girl.

"There is nothing on earth so much enhances the joy with me as to know the object that affords me pleasure detests me, but cannot help satisfying my desires," Muzra confided.





Sylvia Carey rested but a moment from reading Emily's letter. But as the excitement increased she couldn't keep it long from her eyes. Emily had decided to tell her something about her companions in the harem.



HONORIA, the Italian Slave girl, like Emily had been captured by pirates in much the same way. Her story differed little in the fact that she had been selected by Ali because of her virginal qualities, although she in reality was a married woman. Immediately after her wedding, Ludovici, her husband had been sent off on an important mission for the Duke, therefore the wedding had never been consummated. And traveling alone, she fell victim of the dangerous pirates and taken into the presence of Ali who examined her.

Her protesting about the high rank of her husband did little good. The Turk seized her and kissed her so hard she nearly fainted, and ere she had recovered the Dey had uncovered her and was handling her as he pleased. Immediately she attempted to release herself, but her struggles were in vain. Whereby Ali said, *"Show again the least opposition to my desires and in an instant I shall have thee scourged properly for thy presumption. So mark me, slave!"*

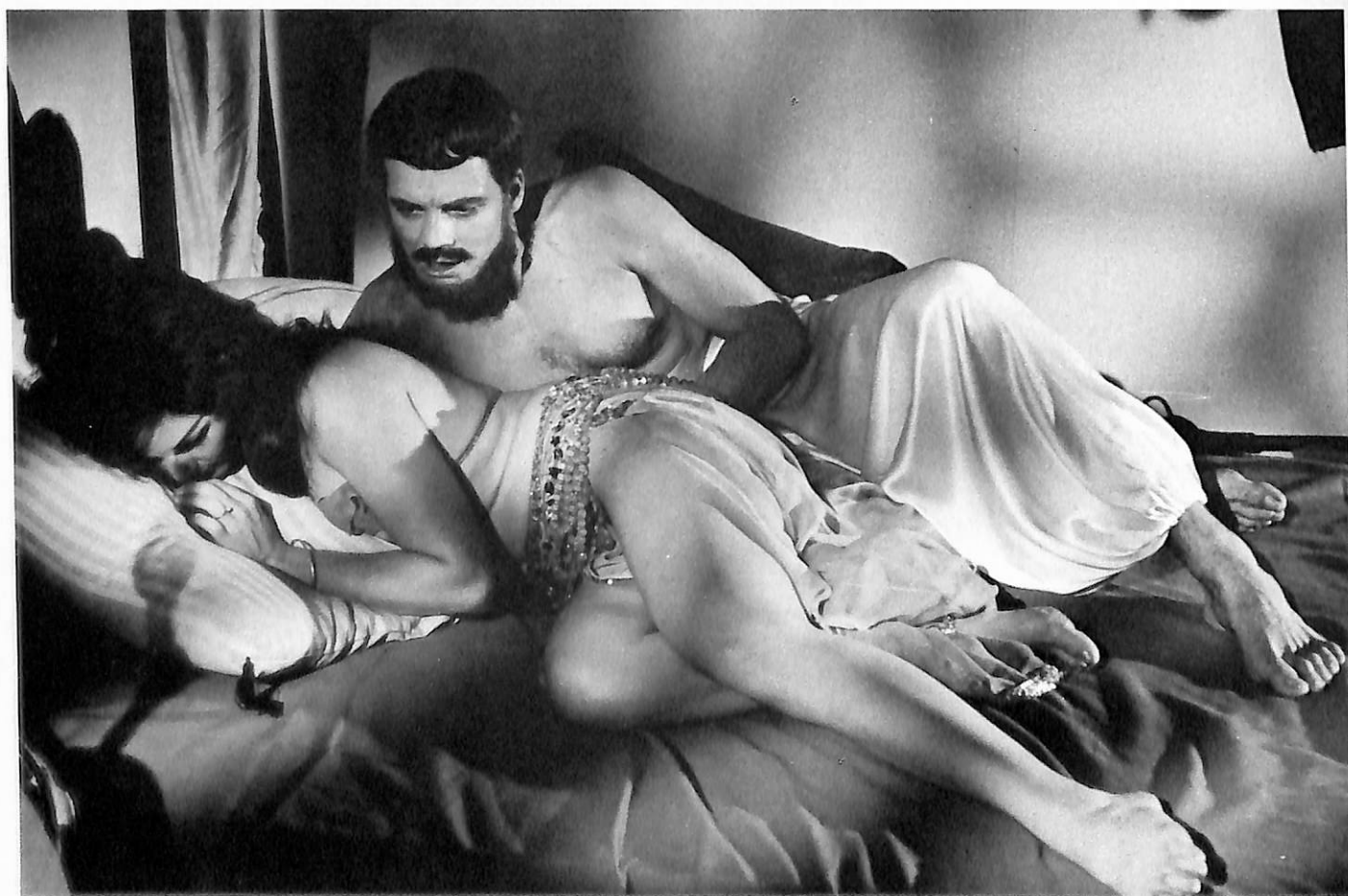




With his words ringing in her ears he dragged her down to his knees, but again she struggled and Ali called on his two eunuchs. Receiving their orders they grabbed Honoria and bent her over a couch. The whipping continued until the girl cried out that she would submit. After the eunuchs were dismissed Ali immediately put himself beside the girl.

"But seeing I sat extremely uneasy from the soreness of the part he had whipped so unmercifully, he caused me to lie down on my side," told Honoria. *"Gently he removed my clothing. Then he lay down beside me."* It was then he discovered, that even though the woman was married, she was still a maid. He was all joy to the fullest extent, and when the Duke offered a huge ransom for her return, he told her she might leave if she wished.

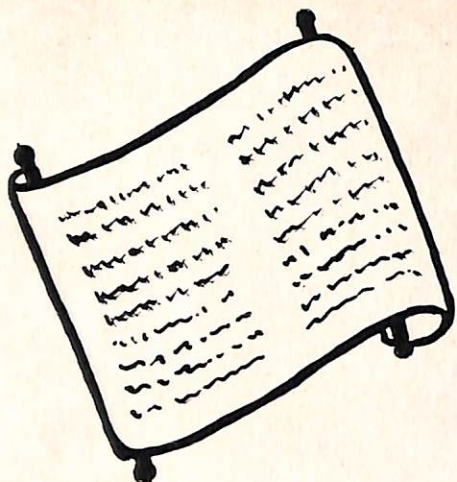
That had been a year ago!













"Ah, Ali, the English slave has indeed been a fatal present to your friend," started Muzra's next letter. "You will scarcely credit the dreadful recompense she has taken for her lost virginity."

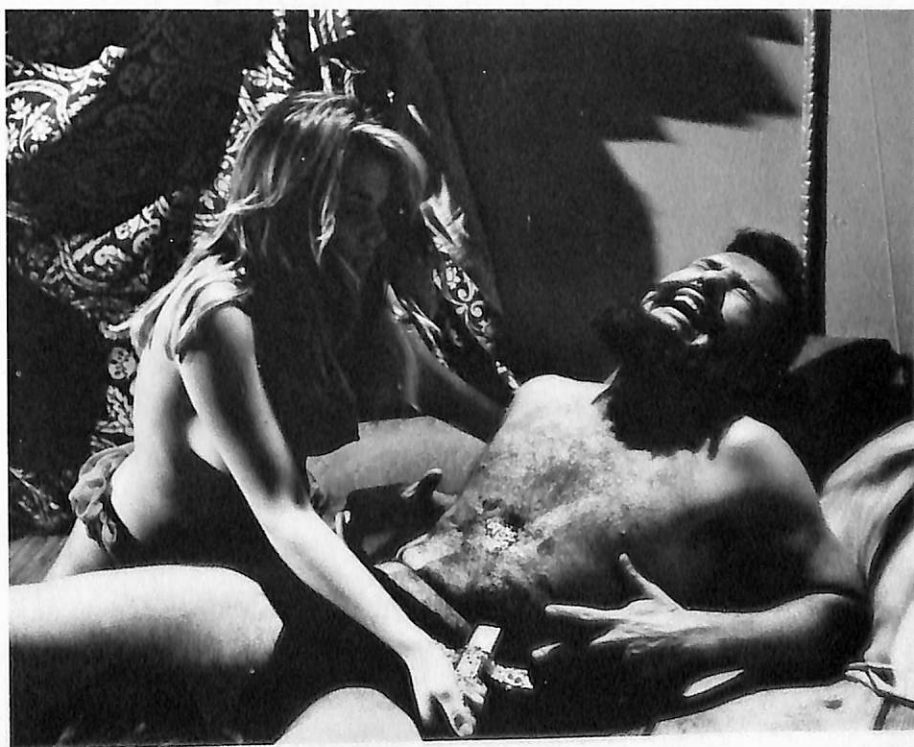
One night feeling the deep seated urge for Eliza, he ordered his eunuchs to bring her. Nothing could exceed the docility, mixed with the timid bashfulness of her behavior. But, at that moment, little did he realize how fatal her motives.

"In the midst of my joys she clasped me to her arms, returning my kisses as ardently as they were given." Muzra's words gave new pictures to Ali's mind as he read. "But it was all deceit, to lull me to my destruction. Wearied by the bliss, I sunk by her side into a delightful slumber when we had completed our task. Then of a sudden I awoke by a piercing of a knife through my bosom."

The girl was leaning over Muzra with a savage joy. She brandished the fatal instrument that had pierced him. Again it fell to the man's defenseless flesh...

"That's for my lost virtue," screamed Eliza in her frenzied lust for vengeance. Then she swung the knife again.

His screams of agony came louder.





*Emily is shocked when,
seeking Ali in his chambers,
she finds him in the arms
of her friend, Sylvia.*



*Muzra is awakened from his
lustful sleep by the
piercing knife of Eliza.*



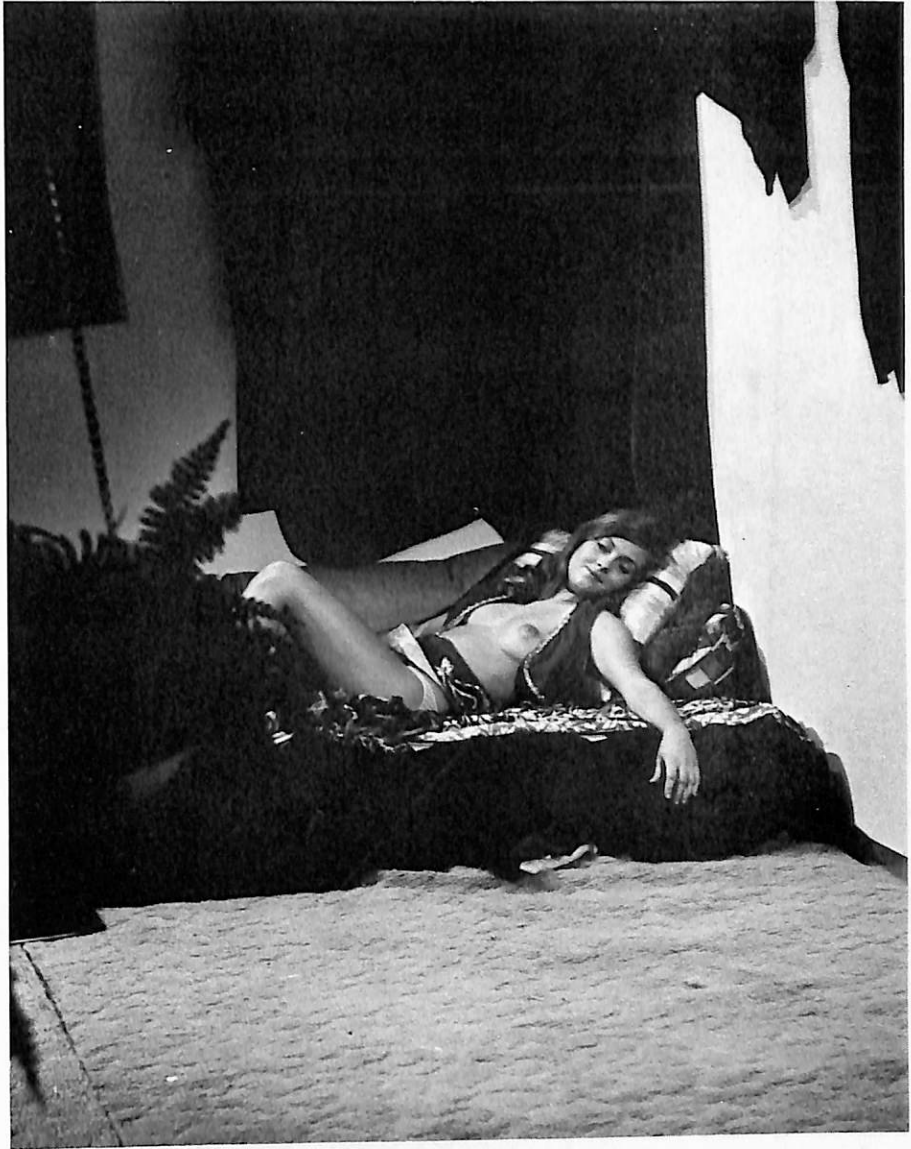


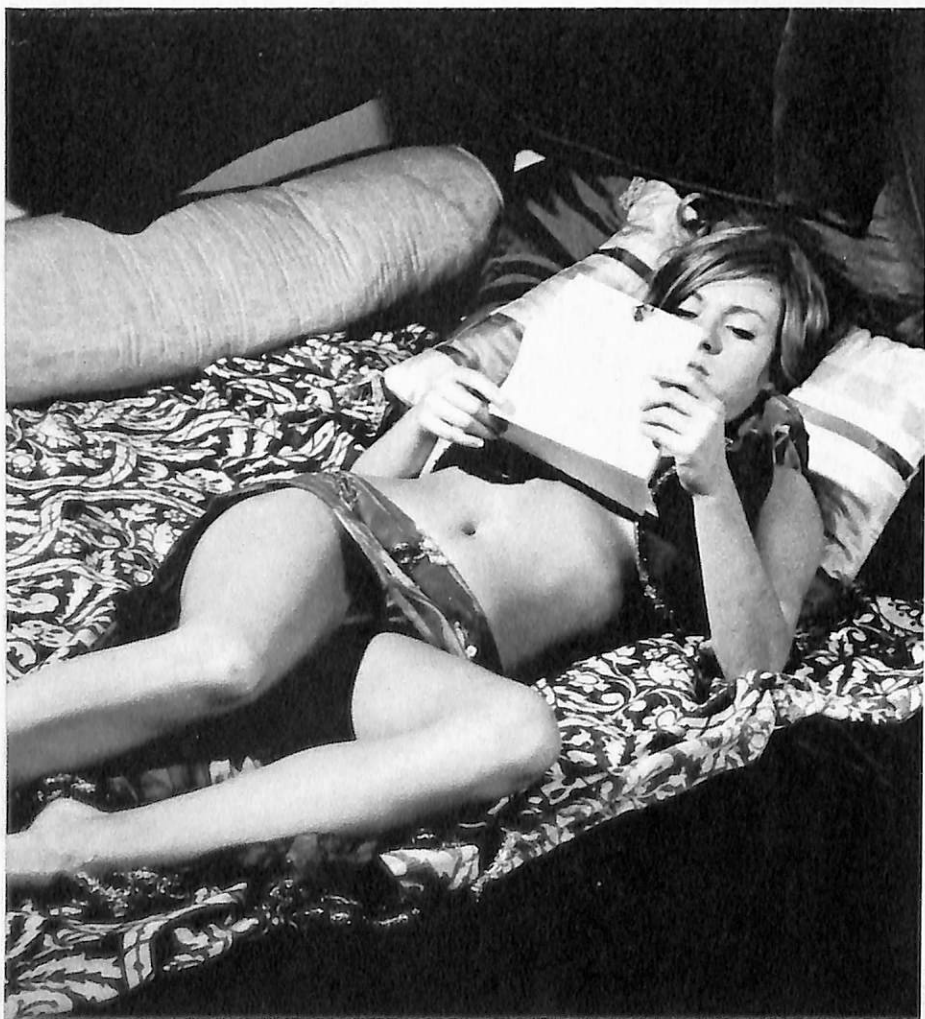
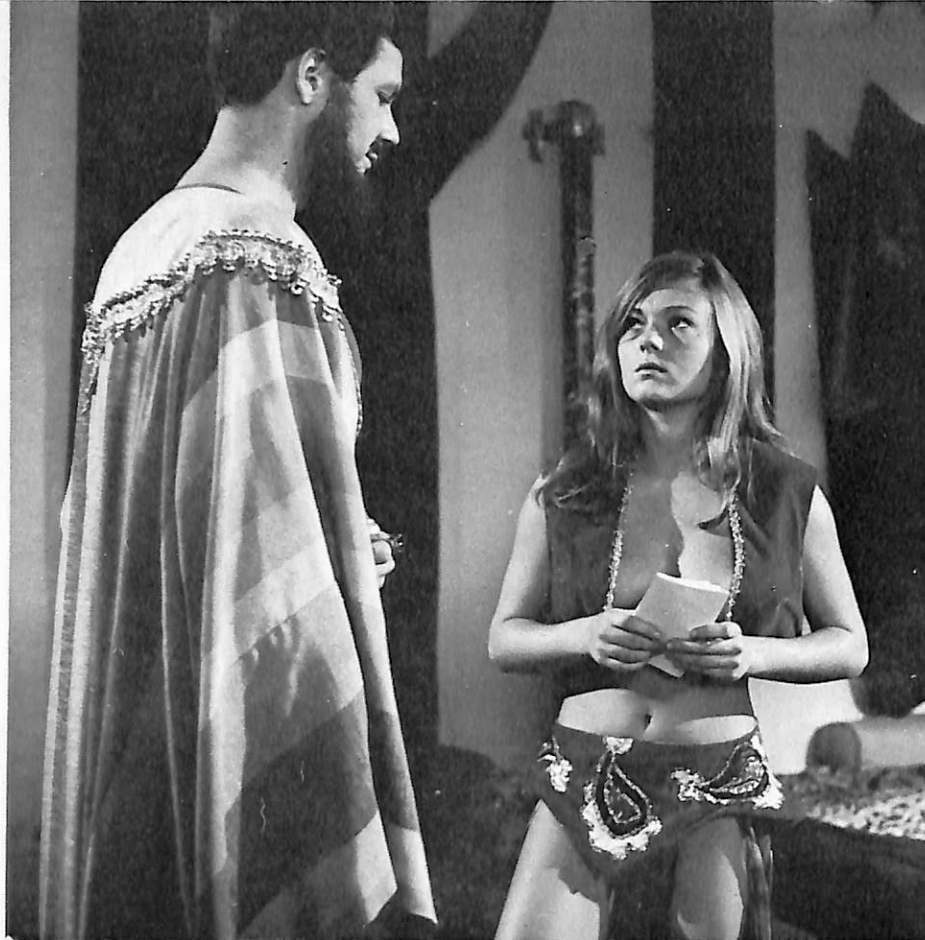


It was nighttime in the throne room of Ali. His thoughts of the pleasures of the night ahead were interrupted by the appearance of Abdallah. *"A letter addressed to the English lady. It arrived this morning from France."*

Ali's smile was evil as he took the letter and read Sylvia's words. *"Emily . . . it is impossible to shake off our earliest acquaintance . . . If it had been, you ought not to have expected that I should have taken any notice of your disgusting letters. Why should you insult me by writing in the language you have? Why annoy me with an account of the libidinous scenes acted between you and the beast whose infamous and lustful acts you so particularly describe."*

Ali paused. Stroking his beard he bade Abdallah wait and then made his way to Emilie's bed-chambers, where the girl languished on some pillows. She runs to him and kisses him. *"Oh, Ali, I've missed you so. It's been almost twelve hours. Now?"*





The man held up his hand. "Later," he said. "First a letter for you. After you have read it I will send for you." Then he left her bedchambers.

Little could Emily know that Sylvia had said just before starting the letter — "How dare she. She's nothing more than a harem slut!" But Emily did not know and she smiled in reading.

"I have to thank God the letters fell into my hands," started Sylvia. "... else your infamy would have dragged another crime on your guilty head by the death of my dear brother, who most certainly would have fallen under the dreadful discovery had he seen the letters first..." Emily looked to the French postmark.

After Emily had sailed Henry's health became daily worse and the physicians declared that nothing but a warmer climate could save his life. It was therefore determined that he and Sylvia would pass the summer in the South of France. They hired a cottage by the sea, and Henry's health improved daily. There were high hopes for his complete recovery. But always he had hoped to hear from Emily in India. "God knows what the result will be when he hears of your debased situation," Sylvia had written in bold letters. Sylvia had kept all the news from him. She felt it was the only way to save a difficult situation.

"I take long walks by the sea daily. But as to this, I am enabled to write you direct as a vessel is now leaving for Algiers with some missionaries on board for the redemption of slaves. If there is a spark of decency left in you, make no delay in letting me know if you wish to escape from the wretch who thus holds you in his thralldom." Sylvia closed her letter with "I subscribe myself still your friend, if you deserve it..."

Sylvia would never write another letter to her friend, for even as she took her daily walk along the beach Abdallah and two henchmen stole up behind and abducted her.



"Vengeance is mine!"



At the first sound of Ali's piercing scream everyone in the room jumped up. The eunuchs rushed to their master's room.

The cause of excitement came through the door. A blood splattered Zelia, holding a bloody knife, walked, proudly into the room. She arched her back defiantly as she looked to the others and announced, *"Vengeance is mine!"*

After a dramatic pause, Zelia ran from the room. Again the eyes of the girls fixed themselves on Ali's bedchamber entrance.

A moment later Ali, supported by the two eunuchs staggered into the room. The front of his garment, at the lower section between his legs, was completely stained with blood.

Ali smiled. "Now," he said to the two Eunuchs, "I am one of you. Get me to the surgeon before I perish."





*"...now I am
one of you..."*



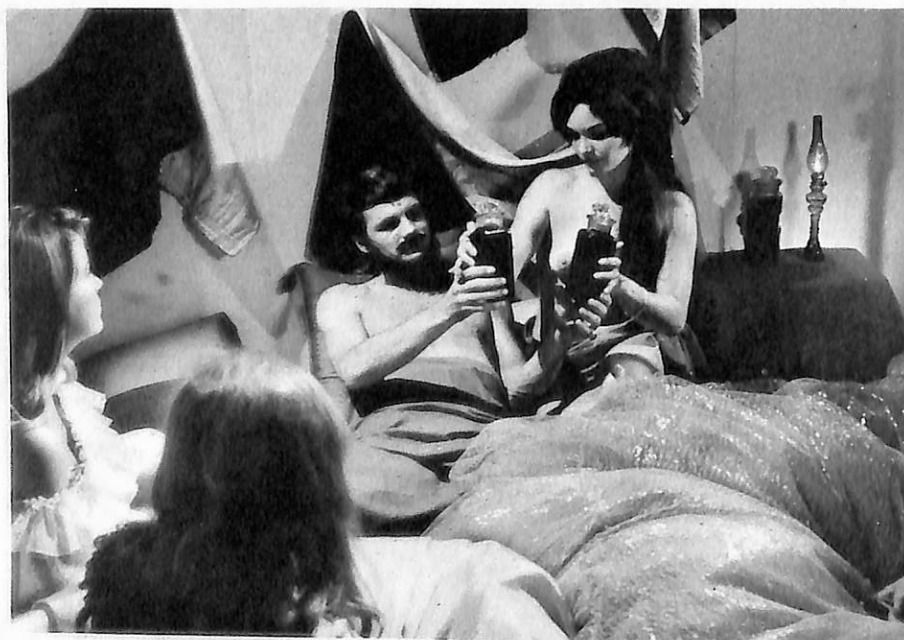
A few days later the three girls were summoned to Ali's bedside. "You are free," he said. "A French ship sails today for Toulon. The best cabins have been reserved for you."

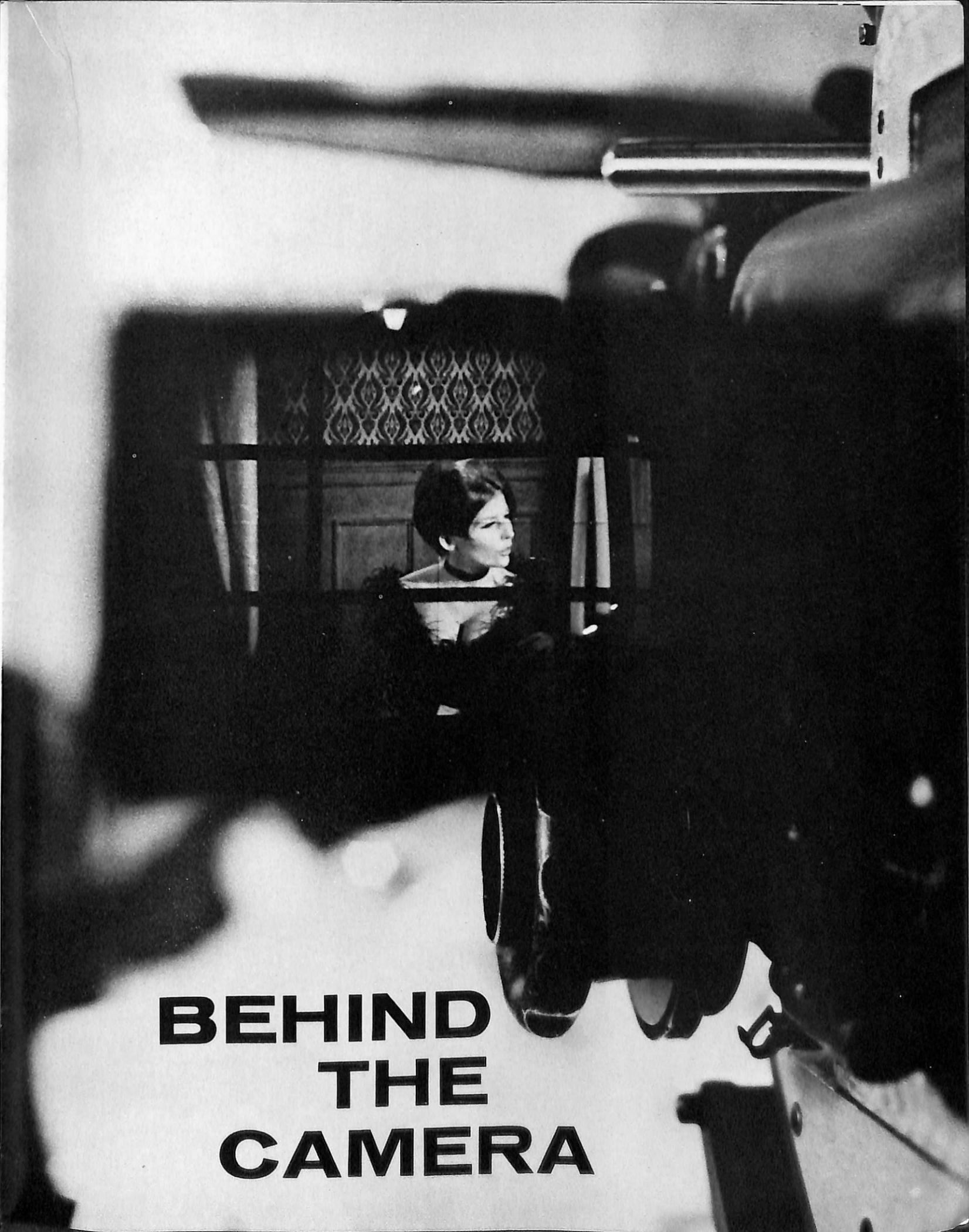
As the girls began to protest the man waved them silent. "It's best. No longer can you do anything for me . . . Nor I for you."

The girls were loathe to leave him.

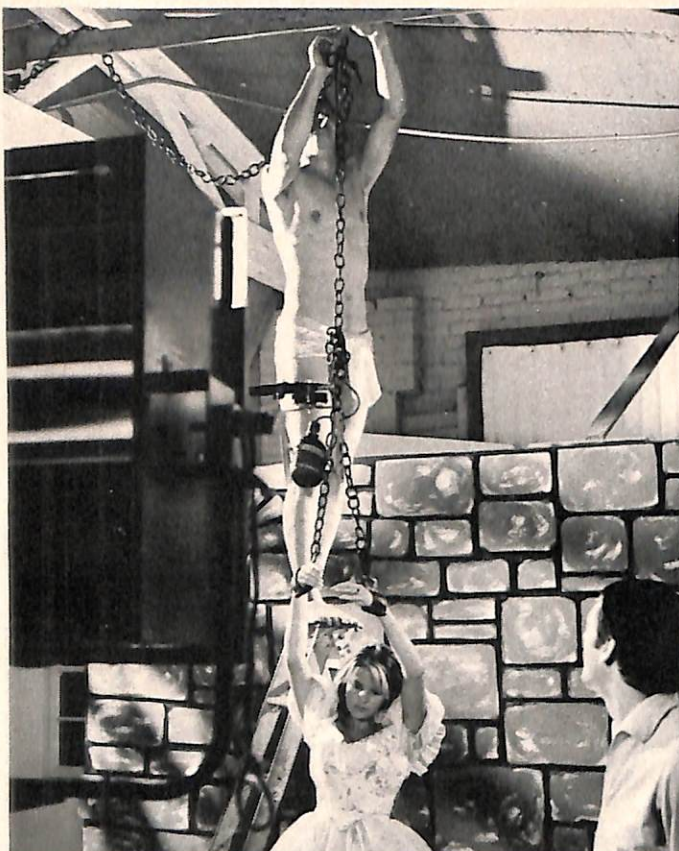
He smiled and gave them a parting gift. To Emily a large bottle. To Sylvia and Eliza, two smaller bottles.

As they slowly left the chambers it was Eliza who looked deep into the clear contents of her gift. She sighed . . . "There's a man with class."



A black and white photograph showing a woman with short dark hair, wearing a light-colored top and a dark choker, looking through the viewfinder of a large, vintage movie camera. The camera is in the foreground, partially obscuring the woman. The background is dark and out of focus, with a patterned curtain visible. The text "BEHIND THE CAMERA" is printed in large, bold, black capital letters at the bottom of the image.

**BEHIND
THE
CAMERA**



(Above) Actors have a moment of relaxation as measurement from camera to subject is recorded.

(Left) One of the eunuchs lends a hand as the chain holding Eliza in the dungeon scene slips.

(Below) The cameraman uses a hand-held "Arrie" shot to record this close-up of the sleeping Zelia.

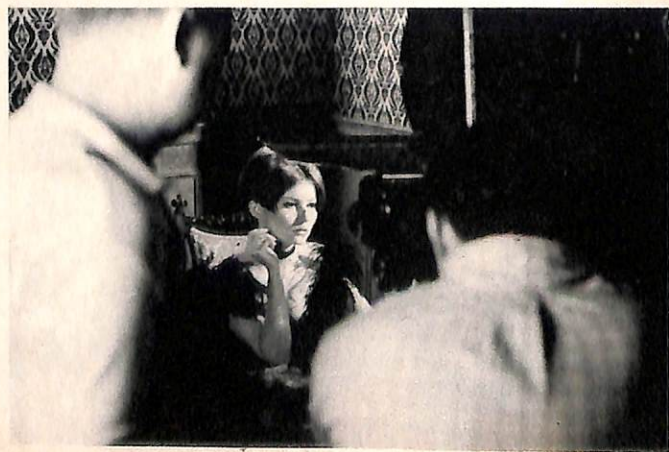
THE WORKING CREW

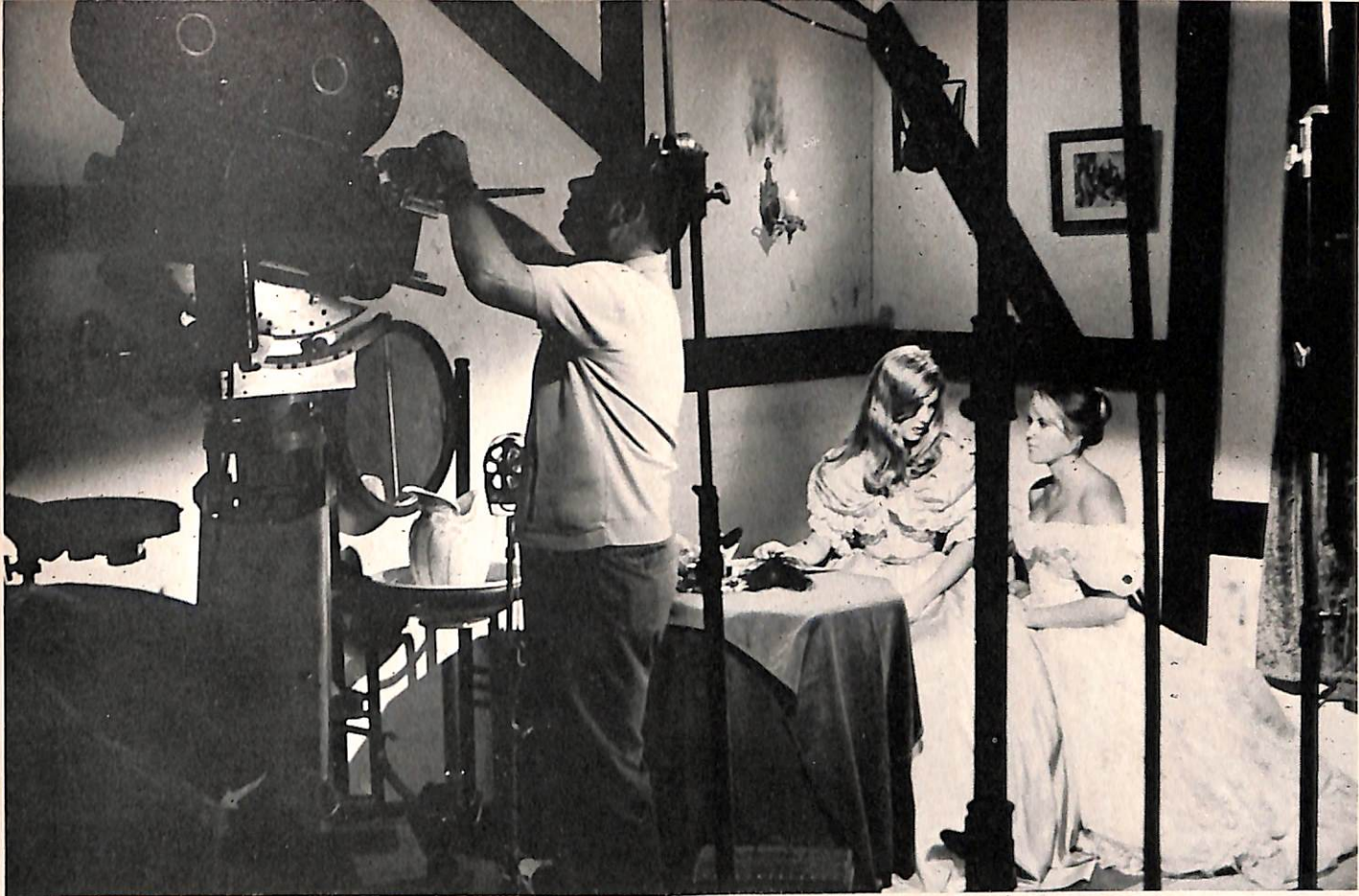
In the making of any film much of the responsibility for its success is due to the hard working camera crew. And when a film of the magnitude of "The Lustful Turk" is made, their job becomes more difficult. The scope is larger, as are the sets. And adding to that — color — which calls for the more experienced personnel in the business.



(Left) Distributor David F. Friedman relaxes as he watches a rehearsal and cameraman lines up shot.

(Below) "Ready to roll" as cameraman and assistant stand by.



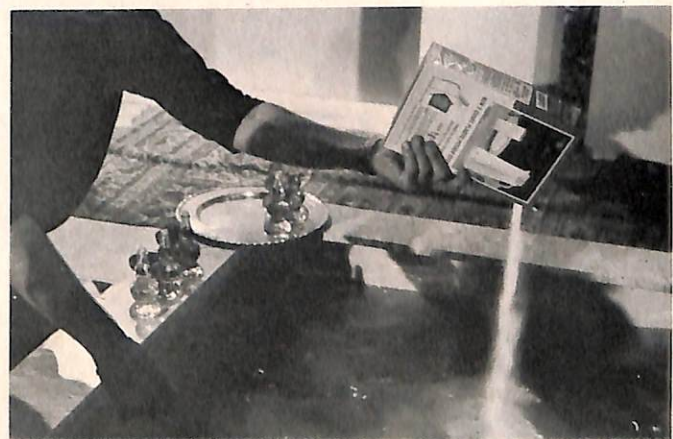


(Above) Assistant cameraman makes final adjustments as Emily and Eliza rehearse.

(Below) The director ordered a real milk bath! Here crewman pours powdered milk into the pool.

(Below) A small fill light, called an "inky-dink" is focused on Sylvia.

(Lower Right) Eliza stands by as crewman holds "clap-board" prior to shooting.





(Above) With small dressing area, Zelia and the Dey must share space as they apply make-up.

MAKEUP & HAIRSTYLING

Makeup and hair styling are a difficult problem on any motion picture. But when a film of the scope of "The Lustful Turk" comes along those problems become magnified. It then falls to the actors and actresses to add the finishing touches and re-touches to their own make up. And in most cases, they have little room to move around in.



(Right) Sylvia prepares for a close-up as she puts on her eye make-up.

(Below) The knifing sequence with Zelia required careful application of stage blood.



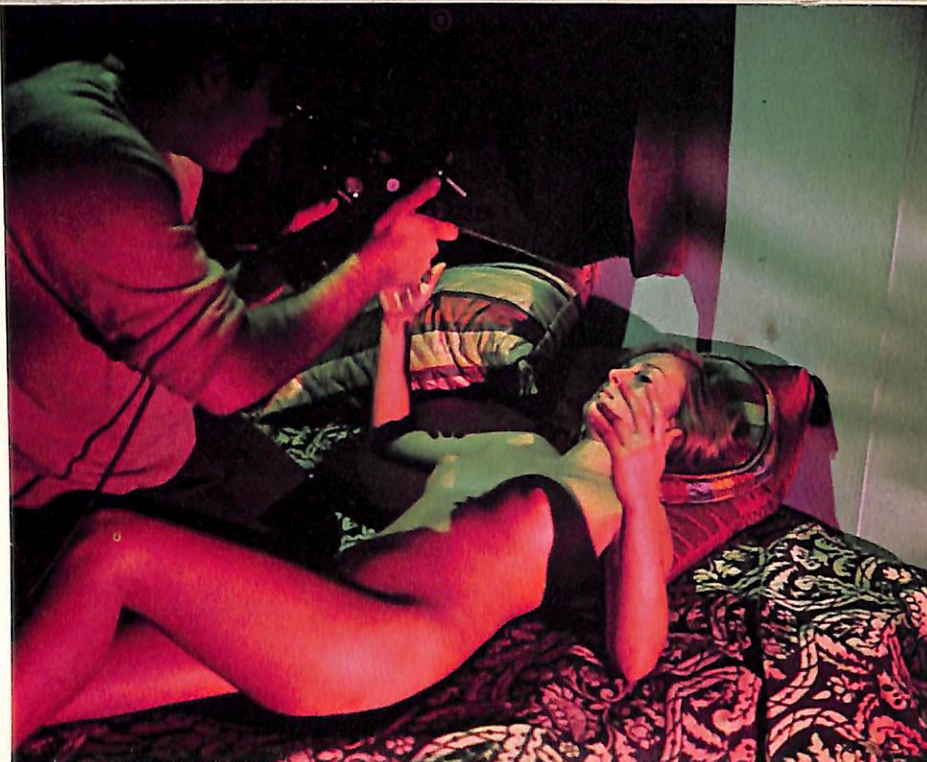


(Above) Zelia tucks away an errant curl just prior to her set call.

(Left) Fixing hairdos into early 1800 style sometimes required helping hands.

(Bottom) Sylvia continues with eye make-up as Honoria enters for body make-up job.

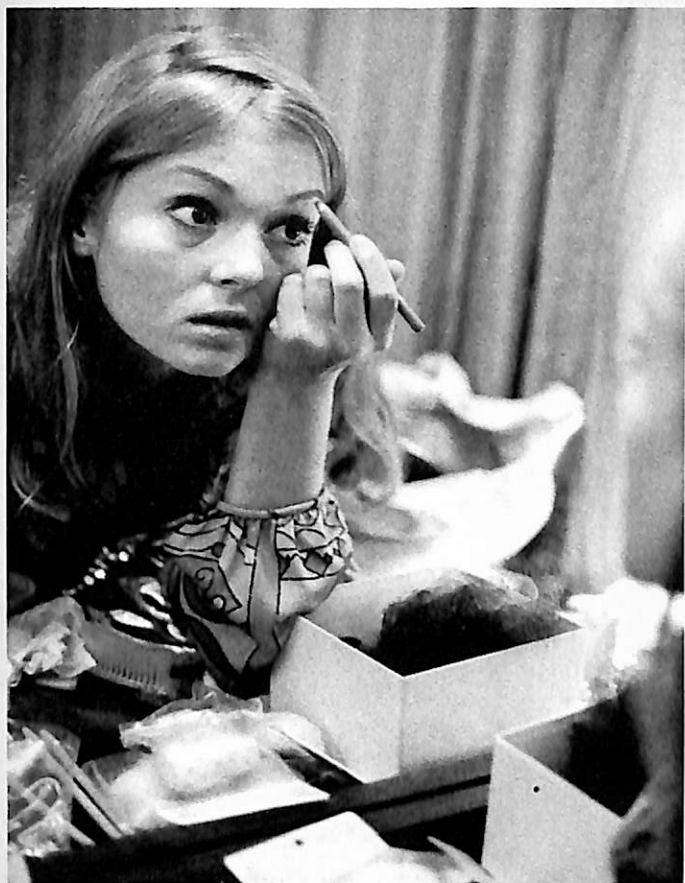




Cameraman moves in for close-up of Emily as she welcomes Ali into her arms.

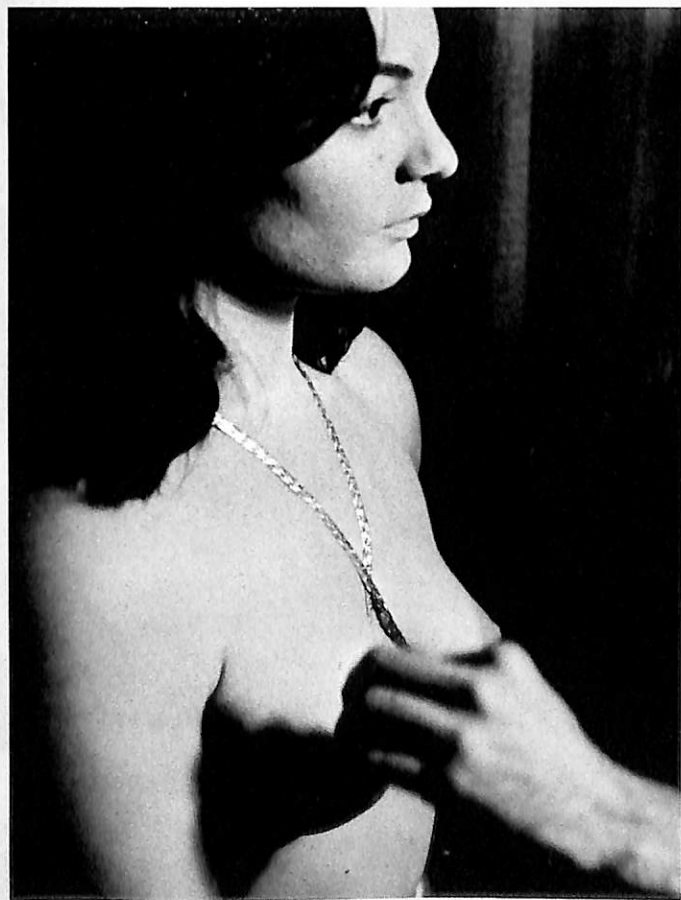
The Camera is ready, clapboard ready, as Muzra and the slave girls prepare for their next scene.

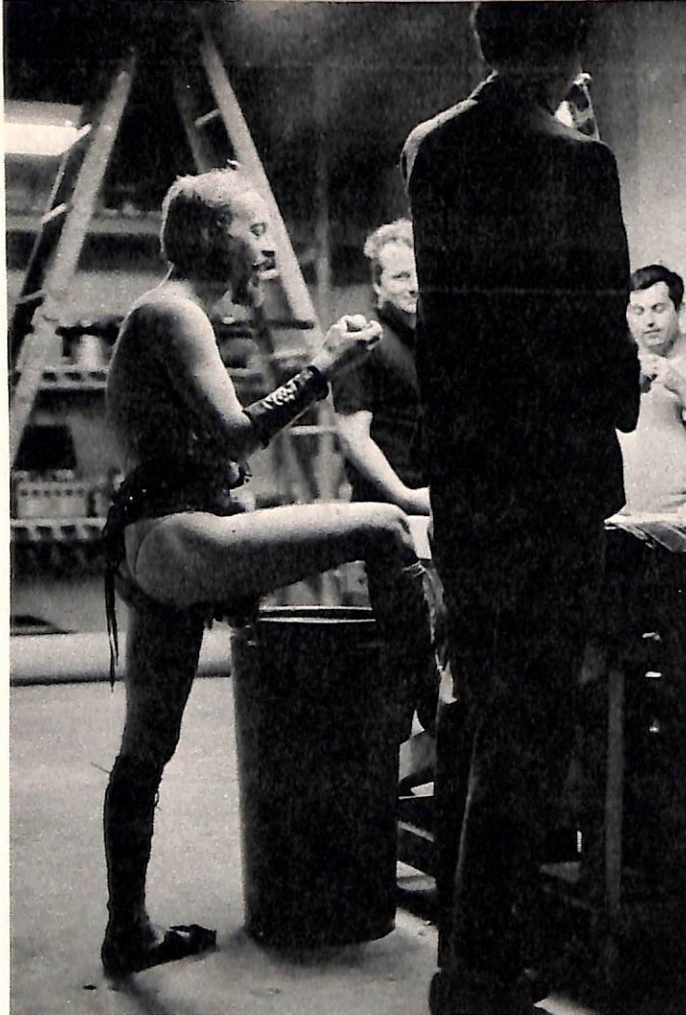




Emily touches up eye make-up and lipstick, then clowns with turban as she relaxes.

(Below and lower right) Body make-up is often a necessity, especially to hide tan lines.





(Left) Guard takes advantage of a break for coffee and do-nuts.

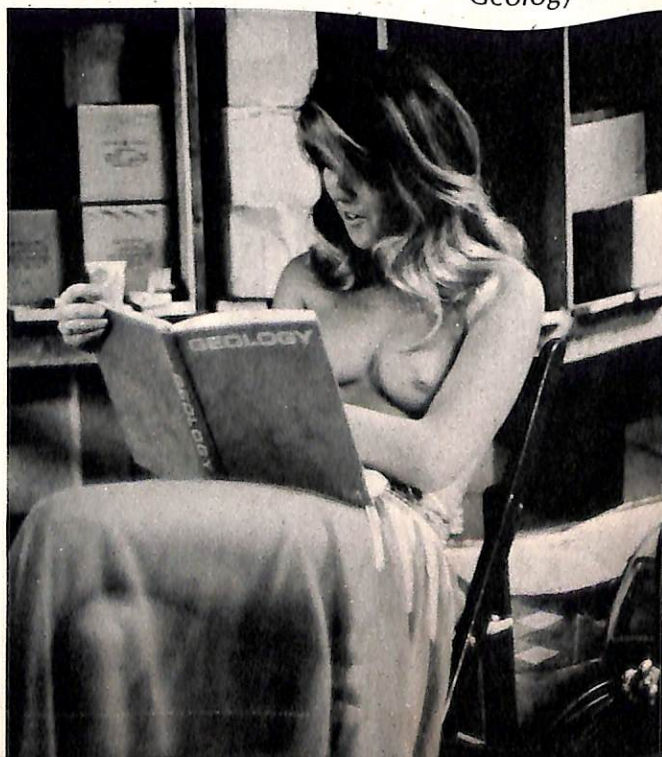
(Below) Emily shows how long gowns can hide comfortable shoes.



RELAXATION

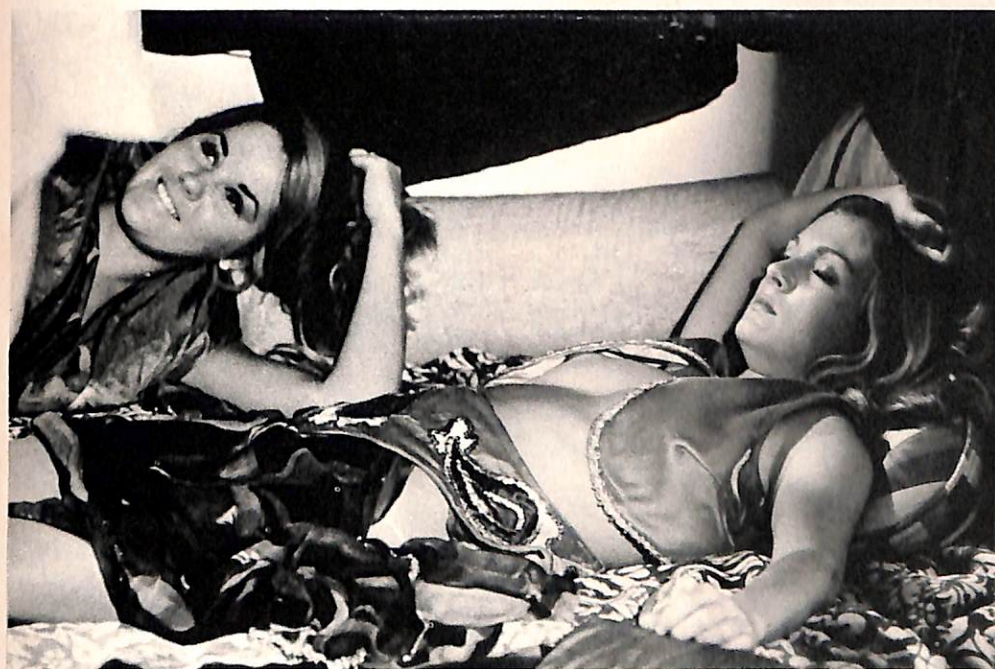
With any position comes the must of rest and relaxation. When others are shooting a scene, or the crew is setting up the next location many of those who have been used or will be used later, take the time for their own practical jokes; studies or what ever might be their pleasure. But Horse Play Generally Becomes The Order Of The Day.

(Below) Eliza, who attends college when not acting, studies her Geology lesson.





(Above) Distributor David F. Friedman and Emily clown with a prop whip.



(Left) Emily and Eliza find comfort on the harem bed as they relax between takes.

(Below) While the crew are preparing the set, Emily and a eunuch play checkers.





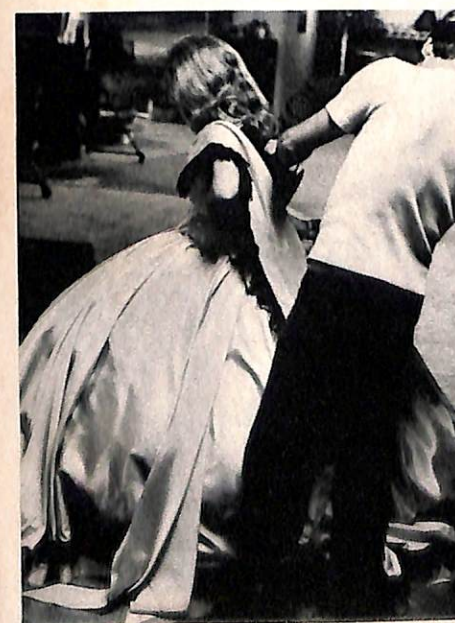
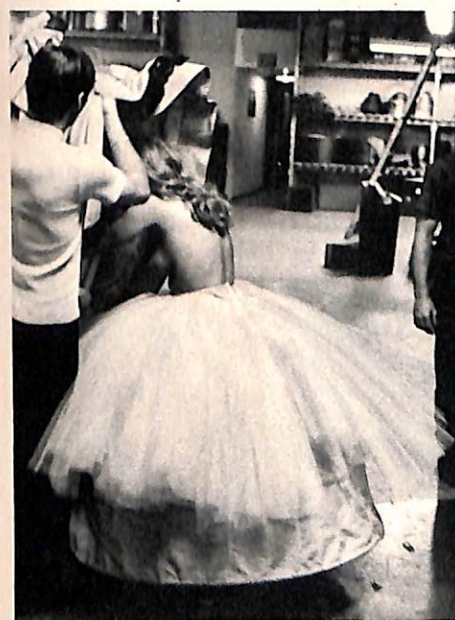
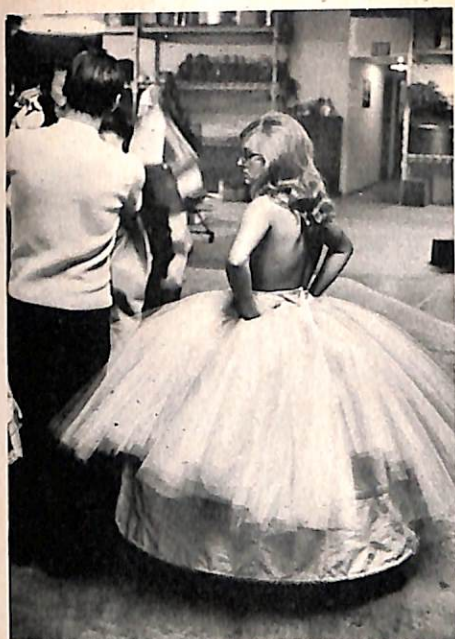
*cramped space
in the dressing
room as Zelia
changes from
street clothes to
harem costume.*



DRESSING

Keeping the costumes straight for each of the performers when there are so many persons on one set demands that the costume department must be right on their toes. And with a large cast there are times that the costumes must be changed when and where they can. Dressing rooms are an impossibility for so many. Thus a behind the scene look at changing right on the set.





(Left) When dressing room is crowded costume changes must sometimes be made off set.

(Top and bottom) Honoria has some difficulty with the knot in the sash of her costume.





(Top — 3 photos) Since early 1800 gowns did not make allowances for modern day bras, Eliza finds tape comes in handy.

(Below) Eliza finds that the putting on of so many petticoats can be a problem.



(Left center) Emily lets out a big sigh of relief as she gets rid of cumbersome costume.



(Lower left) Just prior to going on set for drawing room scene, Sylvia makes a last minute adjustment on her gown.

A
B & B PRODUCTION

Produced & Directed by
B. RON ELLIOTT

Original Music by
BILLY ALLEN

screenplay by
DAVID F. FRIEDMAN

Starring

ABBE RENTZ	Emily
LINDA STYLES	Zelia
HEIDI KRANE	Eliza
TOM ATO	Ali

Featuring

HARVEY SHAIN	Muzra
FELICE NOVID	Honorio
RONNIE RUNNING BOARD	Messenger
CHICO VESPA	Abdallah

With

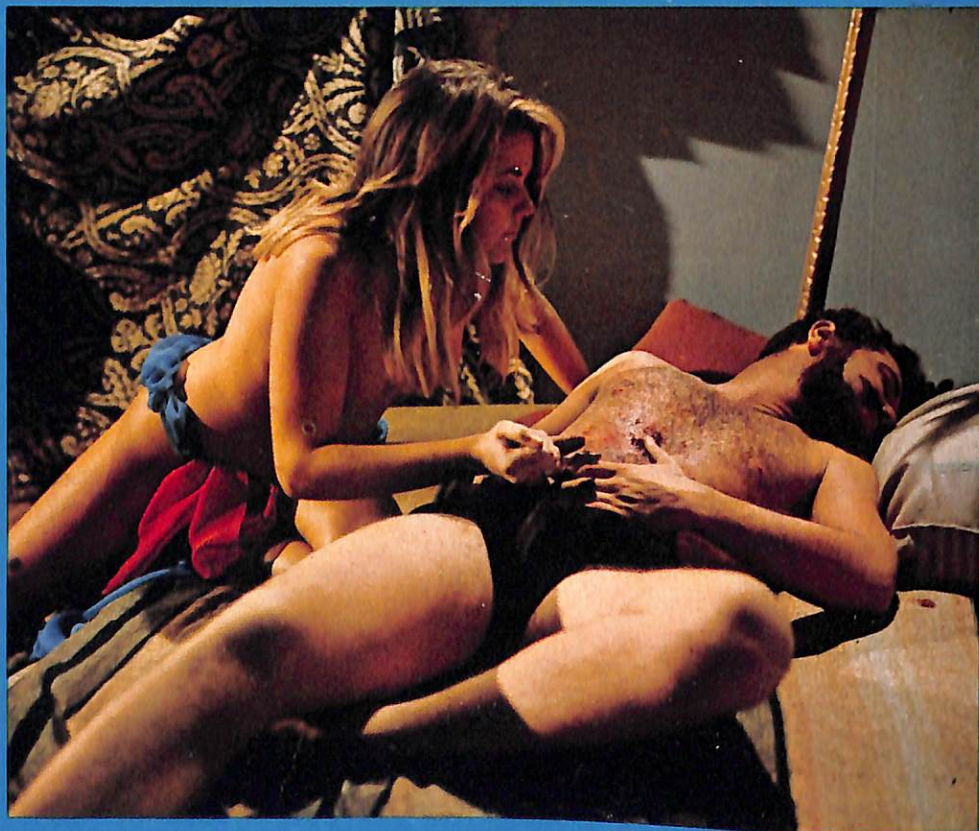
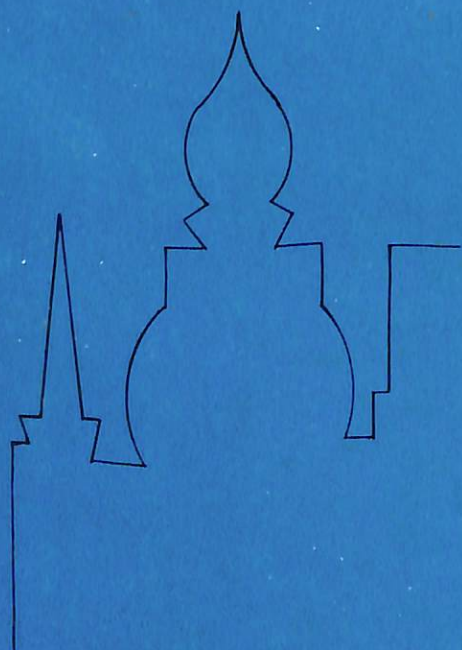
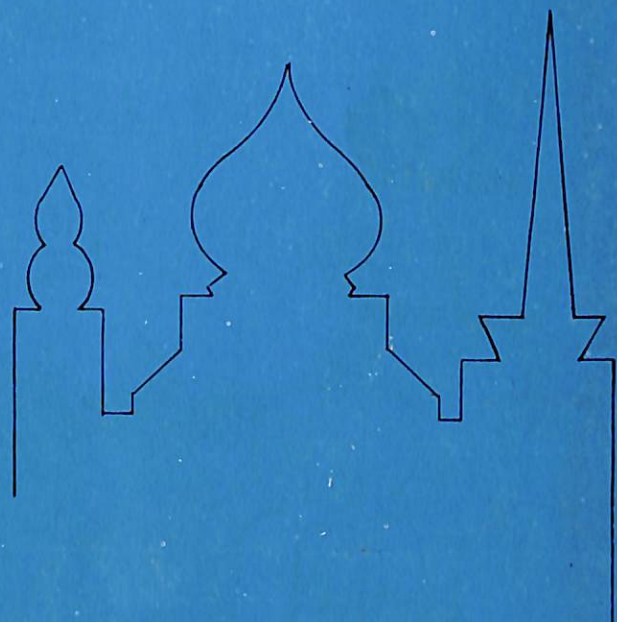
KATHY WILLIAMS	Slave Girl
YUCON HAVIT	Slave Girl
NICO	Dancing Girl
NANCY CRANDALL	Sylvia
BEN CADLETT	Guard

WOODY • CHOCOLATE • BRANDY
as The Eunuchs

Director of Photography
Camera Operator
Sound
Production Manager
Key Grip
Script

JAMES WRONG WHEN
SY KLOPS
O. VERLOAD
DICK SHANERY
JIM NASIUM
KARA KOOS

The Lustful Turk



THE COMPLETE STORY—IN WORDS AND STARTLING PICTURES

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH A BEHIND THE CAMERA SECTION